

POETRY • DRAMA • ESSAY • SONG • VISUAL ART

HALLMARKS

2008



UNACKNOWLEDGED ELEPHANTS

HALLMARKS 2008



LITERATURE, ART, AND SONG

FROM THE UPPER SCHOOL STUDENT BODY OF

THE HARPETH HALL SCHOOL

3801 HOBBS ROAD • NASHVILLE, TN 37215

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cover image by Caroline Prince

detail (above) by Jane Marie Brown

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SECTION I

TRAIL MIX

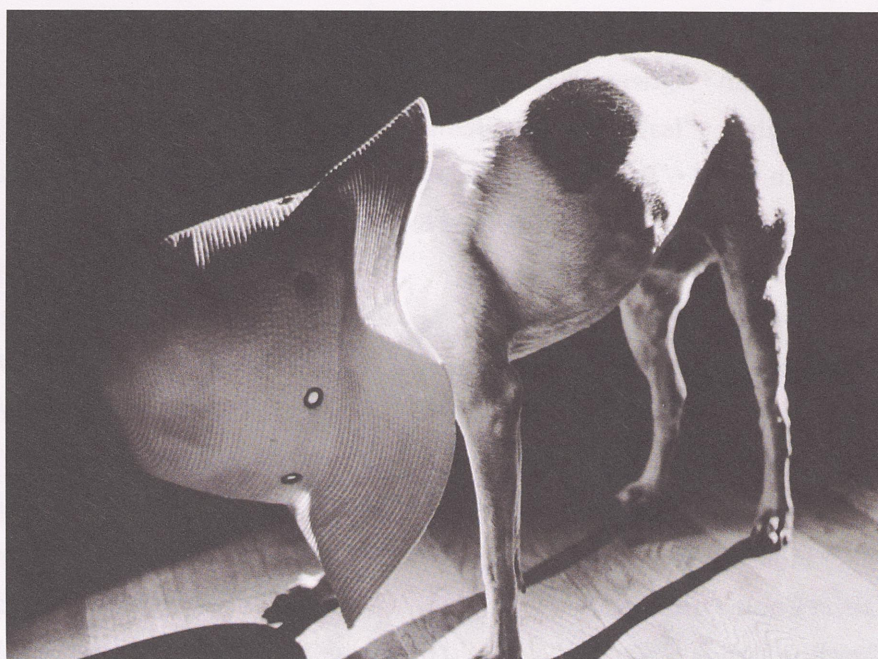


photo by Sarah Joy Crouch

mixed media collage (opposite) by Justine Brittain

MYKONOS

§

By Haylie Jacobson

Despair in 100 degrees
No sign of yellow taxis



FUNKY

§

By Mary Lynne Graham

Funky
Smelly, foul, or disgusting
Funky
Rest stop bathroom
Funky
Lover that broke your heart

ZODIAC

§

By Aashbir Grewall

You need chaos in your soul
to give birth to a dancing star.

Time
is supposed to keep everything
from happening
at once.

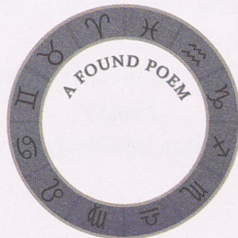
Lately,
it doesn't seem to be
doing its job.

It so rarely happens
that your experience
is so brand new,
that you have no reference
from the past
to guide you.

Your mind
is a swirl of activity.
Write down your rants,
your insights,
and your dreams.

Lighten up and trust
that the answers will come.

You're the clever clown
of the zodiac now.
You get more brilliant every year.
When you recognize this,
you win both.



CANICULAR DAYS OF HEAT

§

By Emily Hong

Fleshy spawn of parents' peers
Waited for a frigid tumbrel
Filled with squishy quagmire
Filled with saccharine dumbbells.

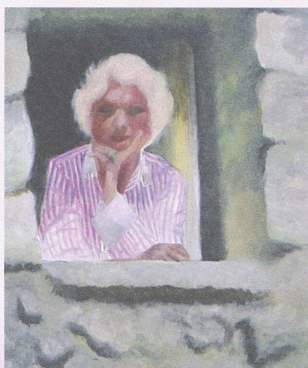
A cart of corpulent mush,
This adipose crusty jalopy
Exited all the tadpole kiddies
Who oozed from the neighborhood galloping.

Nothing beats on a summer's day
Treats from a truck that sings
Bought with held-out dollars
Ice cream gives you wings!



*hand-painted photo by
Lauren Bounds*

LIMELIGHT



painting by Macy Hughart

GONE WITH THE COCKTAILS

§

By Lindsay Potter

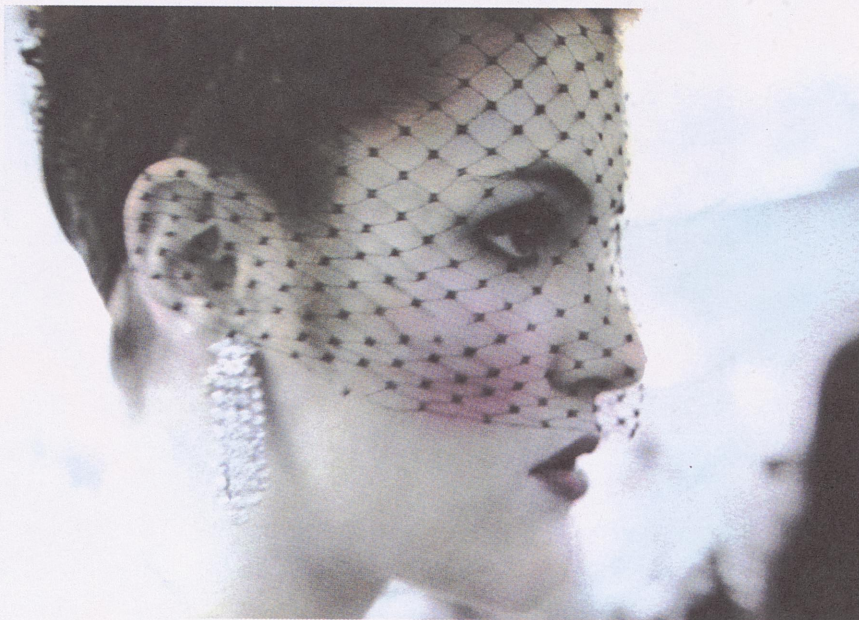
My grandma rocked to a syrupy rhythm that oozed like her Southern drawl.
She peeled fat green beans and listened to nectar leak from flowers.
[All Montgomery. All sweet potato. All Bloody Mary. All hell let loose.]
Leader of ladies church group (that organized Wednesday night Bingo).
But then her words didn't linger, the rocking got faster. She made new friends
—like Jack—and drank them on the rocks until the sink was so full of empty
glasses that she couldn't see around it. And she switched from PTA to AA.
After years of recovery, her neck got stiff from trying.
My mom gave up and ran away to Atlanta, where she could drive
her red Mustang through the bright city lights.
My grandmother's eyes don't sparkle as much as her diamonds anymore,
but she's still a diva, and after we're done laughing about dirty words,
she tells me I'll inherit the diamonds, and the legend, and I'll be the future.
She calls me now and we talk in creamy accents
that bloom slow as oak and beautiful as magnolia.
And we dream of tea and the Ritz and walking down stairs like Scarlett.

GRACE KELLY

§

By Caroline Prince

My prison is beautiful.
In it, there is the sea, a castle, and yachts,
Wealth, gaiety, and pomp.
It glitters.
My guard is a nice old sop
Who loves me—
Or at least my face—dearly.
My children are here, too
But do not feel the oppression
Of its walls.
Outside, Cary, Alfred, and others
Watch me, wondering what I could have been
If I had not chosen this paradise,
This prison.



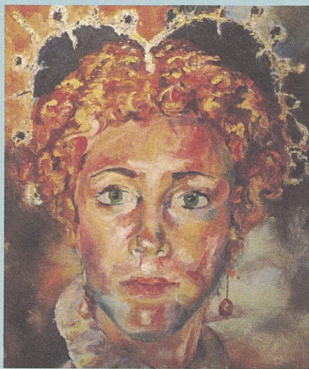
hand-painted photo by Cate Tidwell

THE BALLAD OF LOUIS XIV

§

By Katie Schull

He revoked the Edict of Nantes.
He made the Protestants leave France.
He liked expansion.
Versailles was his mansion.
To the North Sea & below,
To the Netherlands he'd go,
To get Alsace & Lorraine.
Economic wars drove him insane!
Eventually he'd learn his lesson
In the War of Spanish Succession
Because Spain's Charley the Nasty
Jeopardized his dynasty
And gave it all to Phil Anjou.
But the Austrians claimed it too!
So he fought the Grand Alliance.
Queen Anne led the defiance.
Finally, in seventeen-one-three
On the Treaty of Utrecht they did agree.
Philip gained Spain, but with concessions.
He lost some European possessions
Such as Milan and the Spanish Netherlands
To Austria, but the story never ends.
And France & Spain can never be united
So at the Pyrenees, they're still divided.
And in seventeen-one-five
France's Sun King did die.
So now it's time for Louis One-Five.



painting by Liz Counihan

A PACT

§

By Lindsay Potter

I make a pact with you, Dali—
I have searched canvases for the gruesome
truths harbored under your harvest skies.

And now, skeletal myself,
with finite age unfit for time's
languid clocks and crooked hands,

I wilt to you—
Asking only that you paint my face
in no uncertain terms.



painting by Liz Counihan

SECTION 3

CHOPPING BLOCK



paintings by Liz Ward and Allison Rappuhn

ILLUSTRATING FACTORY CHILDREN

§

By Anna Armistead

According to Hine
when industry rose
it was fall

A child was revving
His machine
the full factory

of the kids
scurrying
close to

the center of town
concerned
with no children
churning in the heat
that fueled the machines
unnoticed
between the machines
there were

small bodies ignored
this was
child labor



painting by Kathleen Catherall

PRAYER FOR RELEASE

§

By Mary Julia Bressman

Every Sunday morning I sit facing a meager congregation.
I see the widowed sisters donning their Sunday hats over their silver hair,
And the young couple, so in love, sharing a pew Bible,
And the homeless man peering down from the balcony,
Waiting to hear the word of God.
And I, sitting in the choir loft, am a leader of the worship.
They think I am a saint,
The untainted image of youthful purity.
As their eyes turn on me,
My cheeks grow hot with shame,
For I cannot be the angelic creature they believe they see.
I feel my sin clamp its jaws around me,
And pray to be released.



painting by Sumner Morgan

ACCEPTANCE

§

By Jasmine Miller

I opened my front door this morning and found acceptance letters from the whole world. Each was carefully addressed and stamped, a thick letter with bright and cheerful stamps featuring previous members of the elite society I'm attempting to join: the citizens of the world.

Surprisingly enough, I'm not overjoyed that this day has finally come. I'm not shocked, overwhelmed, or particularly emotional at all. I've waited eons for these letters to arrive, but now that I have them I feel exactly the same as I always have.

I guess the whole point of this acceptance gig is that you don't have to change anything, but you're still wanted. It would defeat the purpose to be accepted as someone you're not.

But why dwell on philosophy? I have no reason to worry anymore. It's all cool; it's all good—because I'm finally in after years on that waiting list. My humanity has finally been publicly recognized, so now I can get on to doing the job I applied for: peeling off stamps and sending my own letters of acceptance.

JUST ME

§

By Emma Hunt

I've never been high-fashion, skinny, or chic. I'm just me. Comfortable, worn-in, hole in the knee Me. When I go on a date, it's not that little black dress on a hanger, steamed and pressed. I reach for something else in a dresser drawer, bottom of the pile wrinkled and faded: My favorite pair of jeans. They have seen more cows than John Wayne and jumped more fences than Huck Finn.	They have seen lower and upper Manhattan and more Broadway shows than any New Yorker I've met. They've watched football, baseball, Basketball, soccer, and hockey. They've won. They've lost. They've tie dyed every good white shirt I own, and ruined a dinner date or two. They're not perfect, but neither am I. So they fit just right: Comfortable, worn-in, hole in the knee just right. Just me.
--	--

GENERATION ?

§

By Jasmine Miller

Who am I?

It's a question that teens all over America—all over the globe—are asking themselves. And one by one, as they find answers, they begin to look at their peers, their fellow travelers on the well-worn, yet inescapably tricky path to adulthood, and a new question arises.

Who are we?

We have no name. We are a foray into uncharted territory, an experimental new species of teen, an unknown quantity. We are ... wait ... Gen X is already taken.

It's a little rough going through life knowing that no one likes you enough to give you a nickname. It's like being named Benjamin and realizing that no one thinks you're cool enough to be a Ben.

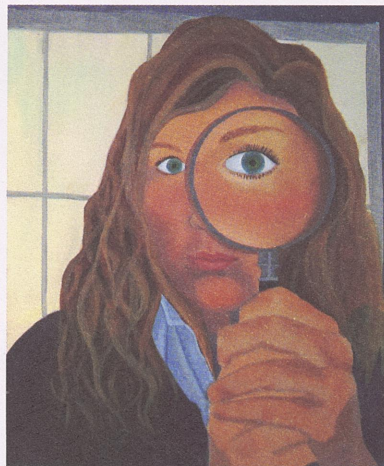
The world has erred on the side of half-heartedness in its attempts to name us, coming up with such gems as "Generation Y," the "Internet Generation," and the "Millennials." Well, just about the only thing less cool than being called Benjamin all of your life would be being called Benjamin II, so "Generation Y" is a definite cop-out. Is the next generation going to be "Generation Z"? The name "Internet Generation" is utilitarian, and the derivative iGen is a poorly disguised advertisement for Apple. And as for the "Millennials," well, all that does is inform the world of our when, not our what. Besides, Y2K was so last decade.

The closest thing I've heard to a proper name is "Generation Me," coined by author Jean Twenge. According to her theory, my generation is the most self-loving generation to date, thanks to a collective movement by misguided parents and teachers. Our

self-esteem is off the charts, and that's not a good thing. It means that we think we're better than we actually are, which is just as bad, if not worse, than thinking that we're moronic. At least then we're humble.

Ms. Twenge has some valid points to make about my generation, but there are a few small problems with this term.

- 1) This moniker describes everyone born from 70s to now, so it's really more of an era.
- 2) This name pretty much implies that my generation is whiny and self-centered (an assumption that is more or less true) and that our narcissism is the defining aspect of our identity as a generation (not true). When we're all octogenarians, the name "Generation Me" will just sound ridiculous (we hope).



painting by Kathleen Catherall

I will admit that we've been brainwashed into the complacency of those who believe in their innate superiority, eagerly embracing the new technologies that fall, unbidden, into our laps. Since birth, we have been practically praised for breathing, and thus it's no small coincidence that we're maxing out the narcissism index. But at the same time, we are unsure of the validity of our self-worth. We have been told, "Everyone is special in his or her own way," but we're having an awfully hard time finding our own ways.

We're lost.

Only we're not. We have found ourselves, not in prayer or protest, but in bits and bytes that are a universe away from the forests and plains that our ancestors called home. We are more comfortable on our home pages than in our homes—but we don't want to be. What we're really looking for, even as

we're pulled further in to our fantasy worlds, is a portal to reality.

To put it simply, we're oxymorons. We are straddling a fine line between the world of humanity and the world of our computers, and we're far from finding a compromise. We pursue the perfection of machines while struggling with our inherently flawed humanity. We're very confused ... and very confusing.

We are a generation that rarely finds shelter from a relentless media that in itself is a contradiction. Who could have imagined a world in which twelve year olds would be singing gangster rap and Hannah Montana in the same breath?

We don't have a *Grease* or a *Footloose* or a *Saturday Night Fever* or a *Clueless*, or spandex tights, flower power tunics, or Jelly sandals. There is no one monumental fashion trend or movie or book that sums us up as a whole, because few companies are willing to push the envelope. The biggest media trends that have been labeled our own are hardly original—just look at *High School Musical*, which is often referred to as our *Grease*. In fact, you could argue that it is *Grease*, minus the sex, smoking, and alcohol. Think about it. It's the classic boy-meets-girl-during-vacation-and-finds-out-that-she's-a-student-at-his-school-and-he-is-a-jerk-but-gets-back-together-with-her-for-a-contest/celebratory-cause story.

Harry Potter, the other trend that is supposed to belong to us, isn't exactly groundbreaking, either. The thing that was so revolutionary about the book was not the plot, franchising, or ridiculous amounts of money paid to J.K. Rowling, but the reaction it received from droves of young children who wanted to read it. The reason *Harry Potter* became a phenomenon was not because it was particularly unique, but because it had a winning combination of enticing fantasy, controversy, and media exposure, not to mention a little help from our buddy peer pressure.

No, we will not be the *High School Musical* generation, or the Potterites, at least not if I can help it. Our spirit is not to be found in mass media, which has saturated us to the point where we don't even notice it anymore. We are more interested in what we can create, and thus our movie is YouTube and our book is blogging. Our fashion is most easily expressed on Myspace, although the clean minimal-

ism of Facebook is a statement in itself.

We are a generation that has complicated the definitions of friendship. We find it much more awkward to run into someone on the street than to brush spheres online. Meeting someone for the first time is a different experience when you already know everything about him—a common side effect of aforementioned sphere-brushing.

Far from being the most connected generation to date, as is often hyped by the media, we can't recall the names of the people who live across the street. I can't count the number of times I've been out to dinner with my own family and noticed that all the other families around us were too busy looking at some sort of techno gadget to look at each other. It extends beyond family as well. I could be sitting right next to my best friend and we'd be in totally different universes, thanks to the iPod. Cell phones, Blackberries, i-everything, laptops, and video games all act as blinders, monopolizing our focus and keeping us from noticing anything outside of our own media-insulated pods. Our technology defeats its own purpose.

We are also a generation that finds it hard to be individual, more often than not molding ourselves to the stereotypes provided us. We think the days of "the man" are over, which makes us that much more susceptible to his meddling, what with our MySpace, Facebook, or even just Amazon.com obsessions.

We've been told all of our lives that we should be ourselves, but in the turmoil of adolescence, young adulthood, and, well, life, we're not so sure what our "self" really is. Like true consumers, we take the images pumped through our network cables and use them to mask ourselves. How else do you explain the upper-middle class, never-been-hungry-a-day-in-their-lives, suburb-cloistered teenage boys (and girls) who proudly affirm that they are "ghetto"? Same goes for any other number of manufactured social poses. Almost every major clothing line has some variant on the slogan "express yourself," all tailored to various personas, and we gladly try to. Unfortunately the quality of said "self-expression" is not a direct variation of the quantity. It seems that we don't know where to find ourselves, let alone where to look, and so we settle for a self that can be bought or traded with the swipe of a credit card.

We're internalizing the information that gets spit back to us every time we type a word into Google. There's a limit to how much we can discover about our world (or ourselves) because we rely on machines to give us what we're looking for. The problem is, with machines, you can only expect the expected. The magic of coincidence seems to be slipping away with each hour we spend behind a screen.

But even as we while away our time in the land of computer chips and hard drives, we try our best to make an impact on the real world. We believe that we can do anything, and with the aid of the internet we virtually can. It is this hunger to make a difference that is driving the campaigns of such politicians as Barack Obama and Ron Paul as well as social movements such as the Invisible Children. With a click of a mouse, we can improve this world of ours, but we're not sure how much. We aren't really sure of anything.

As the first generation of digital natives, we have never lived in a world without computers. We can hardly remember the years before instantaneous communication.

We are the proud colonists of the state of digimedia, but it is a cold and unfriendly territory in which we struggle to hack out an identity, and more importantly, an existence.

Adrift in so many uncertainties, how can we reconcile this dichotomy of life that is so foreign to our predecessors?

We don't. We won't. We embrace it.

To us, life without conflict is no life at all, almost as inconceivable as a life without the convenience of modern technology. We are engaged in a spar of machine and spirit, and are slowly coming to a truce of unstable symbiosis, in which neither side gives up anything, but rather agrees to disagree. We keep in touch with friends and family halfway across the world, and we spread our visions for a new tomorrow. We have found that no man is an island, and so we form archipelagos.

We're better than could be expected, all things considered, and we are eventually going to be running this world—a thought that is probably scarier for us than it is for you. In fact, according to the monumental work *Generations* by Neil Howe and William Strauss, we're supposed to be the next generation to face and defeat a crisis.

And so we ask you, our parents, friends, teachers, or well-loved media pundits, to try to understand who we are—to look beyond what the screens tell you about us. Convince us of our humanity, as we flounder in a sea of endless bytes and bits. Show us our definitions... without using Wikipedia.

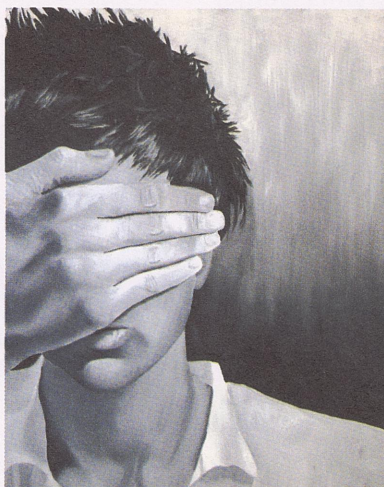
School us in the lost art of connection. Give us a reason to reach out, write letters, read books. Don't tell us that we can make a difference, show us! We're still young; you forget that we don't automatically know everything. You learned your Viet Nam protest techniques from Dr. King, who took them from Gandhi, who took them from Thoreau. You forget that our worldview is skewed by the lenses of a relentless global media. You

weren't five when Lewinsky was in the Oval Office, or seven when Britney asked us to hit her one more time. You weren't six when Google went online. We were young. And we still are. As much as you are strangers in our world, we are in yours.

We've been good at learning what you've taught us so far, so teach us something better and see what happens. There's still hope for us that we could become something far better than what we've been so far. The quest for humanity is never a lost cause.

And when you get frustrated and want to smack us upside the head, realize that you're dealing with a bunch of morons.

Oxymorons.



painting by Kathleen Catherall

PREPPY RAP

(RECORDING ON CD AT THE BACK OF PUBLICATION)

§

By Emily Hong

Girl had them khakis from the gap [Gap]
Sperry's and some plaid [and some plaid]
She looked like a total Ivy grad
She hit J. Crew
Next thing you knew
Shorty bought clothes clothes clothes clothes
clothes clothes

Them seersucker pants
Penny loafers without straps [without straps]
She turned around and gave that squash ball
a smack
She hit J. Crew
Next thing you knew
Shorty bought clothes clothes clothes clothes
clothes clothes

I love the way you wear polos
And going yachting all day, fo sho
Had a million dollar trust bestow'd
Let's do crew, I'll be the coxswain, ooh
So intellectual, her brother looking metrosexual
Perpetual-ly wearing Argyle
Hold up wait a minute, do I see what I think I
Whoa

Did I think I saw Shorty wear those
Those colors don't match when you see it up close
Kelly green and bright yellow
Can't she see she can't pull off no' mo'
Imma say that I prefer robin's blue bows
I'm into that, it matches the shoes that she chose
She tailored her dress at Mr. Cho's
Cash ain't a problem, we've got money to show

She had them khakis from the Gap
She looked like a total Ivy grad
She hit J. Crew
Next thing you knew
Shorty bought clothes clothes clothes clothes
clothes clothes
Them seersucker pants
Penny loafers without straps [without straps]

She turned around and gave that squash ball
a smack
She hit J. Crew
Next thing you knew
Shorty bought clothes clothes clothes clothes
clothes clothes
Hey,

My dad makes lots of dough
By giving out loads of loans
And we've got an island that we own
With a summer island home
That we don't really use when it snows

One WASP (come on)
Two WASPs (come on)
Three WASPs (come on, now that's East Coast)
What college you think I'm going to
I'm in Yale, let's make a toast!

Let's go skiing in Aspen or Boulder
If not now then when it gets colder
I'm a year-round lift-pass holder!
At the lodge we can see the fire smolder
Outside they'll use a snow blower
We'll drink hot cocoa but moreover
There'll be cute guys several years older
And they'll see us and say, look over
There she's got them

Khakis from the Gap
She looked like a total Ivy grad
She hit J. Crew
Next thing you knew
Shorty bought clothes clothes clothes clothes
clothes clothes

Them seersucker pants
Penny loafers without straps [without straps]
She turned around and gave that squash ball
a smack
She hit J. Crew
Next thing you knew
Shorty bought clothes clothes clothes clothes ...

ENCOUNTER WITH SERENDIPITY

§

By Jasmine Miller

NARRATOR: Young adult or older. Any sex or race.

EDMUND: College student, A little awkward and nerdy, but cute.

MOLLY: College student, pretty. A busy girl.

SALESLADY: Late 30s-50s. Prim and proper. Scarily sweet.

AUCTIONEER: Male, 30s-60s. Loud with a Southern twang. Dresses like a hick.

TETRIS PLAYER: Male, late teens-early 30s.

Scrawny with a mop of hair secured by an exercise band.

Looks like he stepped out of the 70s.

Setting: A college dorm, the internet, and a bookstore.

SCENE 1: Two rooms on the opposite sides of the stage, each with a desk, a computer, and a rolling chair. A spot on each room. Two people are on stage, unaware of the other's presence. On stage right is Edmund, and on stage left is Molly. Both are college-aged young adults. They are typing and clicking, surfing the internet. We watch for a few moments, and then the Narrator steps out of the shadows onto center stage, holding a briefcase. Spot on Narrator.

NARRATOR:

(gesturing towards Edmund and Molly)

Peaceful, aren't they. Typing themselves into blissful nonexistence, entering the realm of pure thought. He doesn't have to worry that he might be balding. (looks around before whispering)

He is.

(normal tone of voice)

She doesn't have to worry that her thighs are too fat.

(shrugs)

They're not. But with the help of their little machines, they can be whoever they want to be. At this very moment, Edmund, here, is ... well, I'll just show you.

(Narrator pulls a laptop out of the briefcase and plops down on the floor.

Opens the laptop and starts typing. Looks up. Apologetically)

It'll be just a moment. (pause. Hits a key) There.

COMPUTER VOICE: (offstage)

Opening portal.

(Green spot slowly forms center stage as Edmund and Molly's spots flicker and fade.

Narrator pulls out an outlandish wizard's cap and puts it on, embarrassed.

Narrator steps into the green spot, leaving the laptop and briefcase behind)

NARRATOR: (shouting dramatically)

It is I, Vanthar of the Black Sepulchre! Come and face my wrath, if you dare.

(Poses villianously. Waits expectantly, nothing happens. Clears throat, trying again.)

COME AND FACE MY WRATH, IF YOU DARE!



oil and watercolor on wood by Julia Liang

(Edmund jumps into the green spot, wearing a curly, long-haired wig and brandishing a sword)

EDMUND: (heroically and in bad English accent)

You dare to challenge me, weakling? Who are you to stand against the power of Edmund, Knight of the Flowing Locks?

NARRATOR: (dropping the act)

Wasn't that worth the wait?

EDMUND: (continuing his spiel, gesturing with his sword)

I will flay your skin from your body to make blankets for starving children. I will rip your bowels from your very body and roast them in front of your very eyes. I shall tear you limb from limb, you blackguard, to make you pay for what you did to my village nigh on three moons ago.

NARRATOR: (confused)

Wait, what? I'm new here. I just got my account.

EDMUND: (leaps forward in anger)

You lie, you unscrupulous DEVIL. It was YOU who unleashed the foul flames of Gwynth-Hfarthvinus upon the fair fields of my fiefdom.

NARRATOR: (worried, as sword is coming closer)

No, no. That wasn't me. You're thinking of VanFAR of the Black Sepulchre. I'm VanTHAR.

EDMUND: (angrily)

I'd know that evil hat anywhere. (Brings tip of sword to Narrator's neck)

NARRATOR: (gasping, pointing to hat)

This old thing? This is just the default hat—all the other mages have it, too.

(Edmund growls. Narrator closes eyes. Whimpers.)

Logging off, logging off, logging off logging ...

(Green spot goes out, WHUMP of computer turning off. We hear Narrator breathing heavily as spot reforms around laptop, followed by Edmund and Molly's. Narrator takes off hat and stuffs it into briefcase.)

And THAT is why I never got into Online Role Playing.

EDMUND: (at his computer again)

Damn Vanfar. I'll get you someday.

NARRATOR: (wiping sweat from brow. Regaining composure)

Anyways, as I was saying. On the internet, you can do everything you've ever dreamed of without so much as leaving your padded swivel chair. Take for instance, Molly, a star pupil of the new school of multitasking.

(snaps fingers)

COMPUTER VOICE: (offstage)

Opening portal.

(Narrator wheels Molly into the reformed green spot. She does not notice and continues typing as she goes. The other spots flicker and fade. Narrator pulls Molly out of her chair and stands her up. She is deposited in the middle of the spot. The Narrator wheels the chair outside of the spot and sits and watches in his/her own, smaller spot. Three people, the Auctioneer, Saleslady, and Tetris Player all station themselves on the outside of the spot. The Auctioneer carries on a block, a Velvet Elvis, and a gavel. The Saleslady wheels on a clothes rack, and the Tetris player carries on large blocks shaped like Tetris pieces.)

AUCTIONEER:

This b-e-a-utiful Velvet Elvis is a true work of art. A must-have for any Elvis fans out here, starting for a mere five dollars and sixty-one cents. I'll start off the bidding in 3..2..1...

MOLLY:

Oh! I'll take that. It would be a great gift for my Grandma's birthday.

AUCTIONEER:

I hear a \$5.61, is there a \$5.62, a \$5.62 (repeats this with decreasing softness until he is just mouthing the words.)

(Saleslady, carrying a blue jacket, taps Molly on the shoulder)

SALESLADY: (Stepfordian)

Excuse me, miss. You asked me to find this for you?

(Reads off tag) A three-quarter length sleeved, two button jacket with four pockets and a decorative sash?

(Molly takes jacket, makes a coo of satisfaction)

MOLLY:

Cool! This is just what I wanted.

(She puts on the jacket, but it is too large)

Dangit. Do you have this in a smaller size?

SALESLADY:

I'll check for you, just one moment please.

(She takes the jacket from Molly and goes back to the rack. Tetris



tempera and charcoal sketch by Arianna Burkhardt

player runs up and grabs Molly, dragging her over to his station)

TETRIS PLAYER: (overenthusiastically)

Hey man, wanna start a game? Tetris is totally rad! (Pumps his fist in the air)

MOLLY:

Sure, I guess. I'm kind of bored.

TETRIS PLAYER:

Awesome, man. Let's get this party started!

MOLLY:

Uh...whatever.

(Tetris player pulls out the first piece and holds it over his head, slowly bringing towards the floor. Molly points to where she wants him to put it. He reaches for another piece, but the Saleslady interrupts right as Molly tells him where to put it. Tetris player continues to mime playing Tetris until his next line.)

SALESLADY:

I'm sorry, we are out of stock of that item in that size.

MOLLY:

Out of stock? But this is the internet. You're never out of stock!

AUCTIONEER: (shouting)

And we've got a \$5.62! Do I hear a \$5.63?

MOLLY: (turns to Auctioneer)

\$5.63!

AUCTIONEER:

\$5.63! Do I hear a \$5.64? A \$5.64? (repeats this at constant volume)

SALESLADY:

Is there anything else I can do for you?

MOLLY:

Yes! Find me that coat!

(Saleslady goes over to rack and browses. Tetris player, holding yet another block.)

TETRIS PLAYER:

Uh, dude? Where do you want me to put this?

MOLLY: (distracted)

Over there, I guess.

AUCTIONEER:

I've got a \$5.64! Do I hear a ...

MOLLY:

(pulls six dollars from her pocket and hands it to Auctioneer)

You know what? Here's \$6.00. Now could you leave me alone for a sec? I'm kind of in the middle of something.

SALESLADY: (holding a completely different and much uglier jacket)

How about this?

MOLLY:

Eww, no! Where'd you get that?

TETRIS PLAYER:

Dude! Don't leave me hangin'

MOLLY:

One sec!

SALESLADY (reading from tag):

A three-quarter length sleeved,
two button jacket with four
pockets and a decorative sash.

TETRIS PLAYER:

DUDE! COME ON!

AUCTIONEER:

I've got a \$6.01! Do I hear
a \$6.02? A \$6.02, a \$6.02?

MOLLY:

(to Tetris player and Auctioneer)

Could you shut up for like, 30 seconds? Thanks.

(Auctioneer and Tetris player start mouthing 1-30. Molly turns to Saleslady.)

Ok, so it matches the description, but it's...gross. Can't you come up with anything else?

SALESLADY:

I have exhausted all of my options.

MOLLY:

Are you kidding me?

(Both the Tetris player and Auctioneer have finished

counting to thirty. They start talking at the same time)

TETRIS PLAYER:

Come on, man! We're gonna lose
the game! (ad lib in same vein)

AUCTIONEER:

\$6.02 for this one-of-a kind
velvet Elvis! A great bargain!
I'd hate to let it go for just
\$6.01. (ad lib in same vein)

MOLLY:

(frustrated, to Tetris player and Auctioneer)

Enough already!

(to saleslady)

Look, I don't understand. I went to the store and they told me to order online, but now you're saying that you don't have what I want? I have to have that jacket for my grandma's birthday party!

SALESLADY:

Well, for a special shipping fee of \$55.26, we might be able to get you a jacket.

MOLLY: (incredulous)

\$55.26?!!

AUCTIONEER:

I hear a \$55.26, ladies and gentlemen! Going once, going twice ...

MOLLY:
STOP!

AUCTIONEER:
SOLD!

AUCTIONEER: (suddenly mechanically)

Are you sure you would like to withdraw your bid on lot 506804783: one-of-a kind Velvet Elvis offered by blue-suedeshoes22795?

TETRIS PLAYER: (falls on the ground with Tetris pieces all around him)

DUDE! WE LOST!

MOLLY: (sighs)

Seriously?

(Green spot fades as Narrator hops up and wheels the chair to Molly,
who sinks into it with relief. Auctioneer, Saleslady, and Tetris Player exit as
Narrator wheels Molly back to her room and then walks to center stage.
Original spots reform. Edmund and Molly are still typing.)

NARRATOR: (chuckling)

Well that was fun, wasn't it?

(paces)

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is the future.

(gestures at Edmund and Molly, increasing loudly)

This is the new frontier. The digital age, the second millennium. The magic of the 21st century!

(voice drops, secretively)

But sometimes I wonder what would happen if...

(points fingers at Edmund and Molly's computers. Their spotlights suddenly go out with a POP!)

EDMUND:

Damn.

MOLLY:

Damn.

(spotlights slowly come back up)

NARRATOR:

This should be interesting.

(Winks and runs offstage.)

(Molly and Edmund both try to turn their computers back on, but they are unresponsive.)

EDMUND:

Well, this sucks. (pause)
Now what?

MOLLY:

Well, this sucks. (pause)
Now what?

EDMUND: (ruffles his hair)

I guess I could go pick up that book I'm supposed to get for class. What's it called? Oh yeah, *Encounters with Serendipity*, by ...

MOLLY: (lightbulb moment)

Jillian Moor! Grandma loves her books almost as much as she loves Elvis. I heard there was a new one out ... *Encounters with*, uh, something. I bet I could find it at the bookstore.

(Edmund and Molly get up out of their chairs and walk towards center stage, where they mime opening their doors and stepping out into the hallway. Their spots conjoin in the hallway. They lock their doors and turn around, suddenly making eye contact.)

EDMUND:

Oh, uh, hey.

MOLLY: (smiles)

Hey.

(Edmund, unnerved, drops his keys. When he stands back up, Molly is gone. He stares after her.)

ξ

SCENE 2: A bookstore. Three tall bookshelves are on center stage, facing the audience. There is a cash register on stage left and a table of books with a chair next to it on stage right. The Saleslady from before is manning the cash register. Tetris player and Auctioneer, now dressed in normal clothing, are browsing books. The Narrator is relaxing in the chair, reading a newspaper. Molly enters and goes to the cash register.

MOLLY:

Hey, do you have any copies of the new book by Jillian Moor?

SALESLADY: (still Stepfordian)

Encounters with Serendipity? There should be some on that table right over there.

MOLLY:

Thanks.

(Molly crosses to the table. She sees the book, but Tetris Player grabs it before she can.)

TETRIS PLAYER:

Sorry, dude. Check the shelves.

(Tetris player goes to the check-out counter and exits. Molly sighs and goes to the bookshelf closest to stage left, scanning the shelves for the desired book. Edmund enters and sees the empty space for *Encounters with Serendipity*. He turns to leave, but Narrator leans towards him.)

NARRATOR:

Hey, I hear there's still some left on the shelves.

EDMUND:

Oh, thanks.

(Edmund heads for the shelf closest to stage right. Narrator turns and smiles at us. Auctioneer exits. Saleslady disappears under the counter, presumably looking for something. The general lights dim as two spots follow Edmund and Molly scanning the shelves, meeting on a book in the middle of the top shelf of the middle bookcase.)

EDMUND:

Oh.

MOLLY:

There it is.

(Molly and Edmund reach for the book at the same time, their fingers touch. They freeze, the spot showing only their hands. A spot comes up on the Narrator.)

NARRATOR: (gesturing towards their hands, tenderly)

Here we are. This is it. The moment. How can I even begin to describe it to you?

(Spots on Edmund and Molly widen. They begin to move in slow motion behind the narrator. It is evident that they are attracted to each other. They take the book down and buy it together.)

There is a jolt. The hairs raise on your arms. For a split second you are overwhelmed with a sensation of warmth. Comfort and happiness pass through your fingertips—an exchange of pure and tender emotion. The spine tingles—the back of the neck. You laugh for no reason. You fall in love. One word: touch.

(The bookshop set is moved off. On comes a table and two chairs. A spot follows Edmund and Molly as they walk towards them. They sit and put the book on the table. It is a date, and they mime accordingly as the Narrator speaks.)

The greatness of the mind, the vastness of thought, the universe behind the screen. It is nothing compared to this. This—this is life. This is what it means to be human. No chatting, no computer or iPod or video game or virtual reality—nothing holds a candle to this. You want to see humanity at its greatest? Look no further, because you've found it.

(The bedroom sets come back on. Edmund and Molly walk to their rooms together. Edmund hands Molly the book, she refuses, miming "No, you can keep it". They part and go into their rooms.)

Maybe it's all just biological, this love business. Maybe it's just our genes or hormones or whatever. But that

doesn't change the way it makes us feel. Touch. Experience. Those are two things that our virtual butlers can never give us.

(Molly comes out of her room and knocks on Edmund's door.
He comes with the book, expecting her to want it back.)

A kiss.

(She kisses him. Narrator sighs.)

Beautiful, isn't it?

(Narrator becomes suddenly businesslike.)

But that's all speculation. Sentimental claptrap. Nonsense. Things don't happen this way. At least, not anymore.

(Claps hands together. Sudden pop. Sound of rewinding
as Edmund and Molly jerkily move backwards into their rooms.
Narrator points fingers at their computers, thrum of machines starts
up again. Edmund and Molly are each seated at their desks, typing.)

EDMUND:

Take that, foul demon.

MOLLY:

Stupid website. What am I going to give Grandma now?

EDMUND:

Oh, I was supposed to order that book, wasn't I. It was by ...

MOLLY: (lightbulb moment)

Jillian Moor!

EDMUND:

Encounters with Serendipity.

COMPUTER VOICE: (offstage)

Opening portal.

(Green spotlight forms, Narrator in center, holding two books.
Molly and Edmund step into the portal. They don't see each other.)

EDMUND:

MOLLY:

One copy of *Encounters with Serendipity*, please. One copy of *Encounters with Serendipity*, please.

NARRATOR: (forced smile. Hands them each a copy.)

Here you go.

EDMUND:

MOLLY:

Thanks.

Thanks.

(Green spot fades. Edmund and Molly step back into their rooms,
continue typing. Narrator watches from downstage)

EDMUND:

Awesome. Oh, whoah. Time for class.

MOLLY:

I'm hungry. Maybe I'll go grab a bagel or something.

(Edmund and Molly get up out of their chairs and walk towards center stage, where they mime opening their doors and stepping out into the hallway. Their spots conjoin in the hallway. They lock their doors and turn around, suddenly making eye contact.)

EDMUND:

Oh, uh, hey.

MOLLY: (smiles)

Hey.

(Edmund, unnerved, drops his keys. When he stands back up, Molly is gone. He stares after her for a moment, then shakes it off and hurries offstage.)

NARRATOR: (opens arms wide)

Welcome to the future.

(Blackout)

THE END



digitally enhanced photo by M.F. McKeithan

CASTAWAY



hand-colored photograph by Olivia Coble

WINTER

§

By Lauren Zielske

A sea of grey descends,
Trees stand starkly
Revealing skeletons;
Birds fly swiftly,
Their curved and wicked beaks
Dark gems as eyes,
Piercing the one who seeks
To find some kind of peace.
All frozen cold and stiff
Lost in some sort of mist
And wondering what if
Spring's caught in Winter's fist.
It is suddenly clear
Once pure flecks fall mutely
That all this is beauty.

DISILLUSIONMENT



By Molly Robert

The sky is brown with rotting things
And the grass is colored grey
The sea is still and the clouds are thin.
Is there no bandage for this bruise?
Reds and blues and chartreuses
Bled out long ago—
Now all the empty faces
Are patterned brown and grey
And the sands do not sing
And the rains do not laugh—
Except for a few stolen waves
That crash vividly
At midnight.

MORNING



By Emma Hunt

Dawn breaks
The sheer silence
Night left her pitch wake
And shatters the stars until they
Drip gold

ALONE

§

By Ryllis Lyle

At three a.m., I went outside
I could not sleep in my room
The moon was gone
And the stars feebly flickered

Across the street
I spotted the house
With the woman
Who watched TV all night

I sat down in the driveway
Hypnotized by
The flicker of white blue grey
From her window

I want to see her,
Tell her,
That I am just like her.
Grey. Alone.
A small bruise of a girl
Comprised of nothing but lies.

I want to tell her all about him.
How I will never see him again.

That he chose someone else
And how he loves her, too.

I want to tell her that
It'll be okay in the springtime
Because we can plant flowers
And maybe we aren't really alone
At all.

But for now, we are
Alone.
No flowers to keep us company,
Just weak stars.

One for every lie told,
One for every second that he
Is loving someone else.

One for every time she has sat
Down on the couch,
Flicked on the TV,
And sighed.

Alone.



painting by Caroline Prince

SU PROPIA LUNA

§

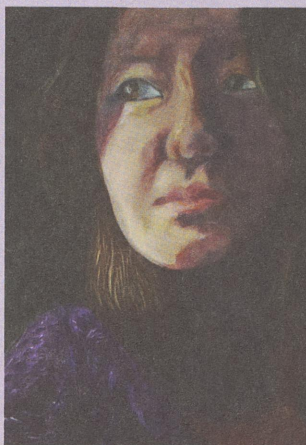
By Alexandra Guillén

*En el aire conmovido
mueve la luna sus brazos
y enseña, lúbrica y pura,
sus senos de duro estaño*

-Federico García Lorca

Hay algunas noches con
Sus propias lunas
Secas, brillantes, achispadas
Y para cada de estas noches
Hay alguna mujer
Sola y soñando
Sobre su propia noche
Y su propia luna

There are some nights
With their own moons
Dry, brilliant, tipsy
And for each of these nights
Is a woman
Alone and dreaming
Of her own night
And her own moon



painting by Angela Park

DIALOGUE OF PERSPECTIVE

§

By Lindsay Potter

Mirror:

I am your landscape, your world.
On this glass canvas I imprint
your yellow tulip-dress in my field of light.

Person:

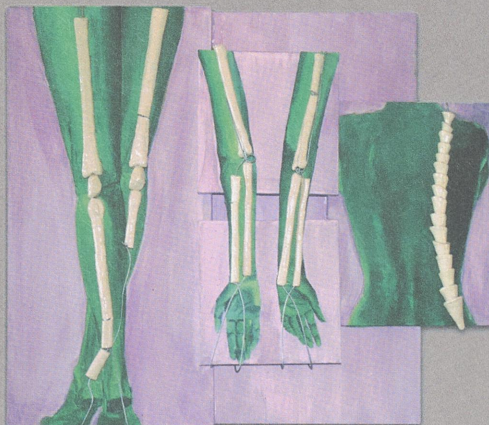
I would rip out my eyes for you
to stop reflecting. These truths
are shards of your smooth skin
breaking mine. Sometimes
I wish you never existed.

Mirror:

While you sleep I watch your lips
twitch, and when you come to me
every morning you touch
your own mouth and legs, supposing.
I am the honest and vulgar lover
you never had. Without me you are a full cup.

Person:

I am this hesitance between us.
My curves bind your square
shoulders. I lean on the likeness
of your considerations. I am your muse
and without my contempt for the world
you've unfastened I would still be angelic



mixed media by Kalen McNamara

HEART & HEARTBURN



sculpture by Angela Park

WHAT WENT WRONG

§

By Stephanie Rothenberg

Right here, right here, you laid her by the stream
And there you stripped our love away.

SILENCE

§

By Carolyn Murdock

It is said silence speaks louder than words
But with yours I only hear the silence
Promised by its definition.
To me, the silence affirms a void.
A space with nothing to puncture it
Except the occasional needle of noise
That you so effortlessly drop
As if to see if I am surprised
That needles could fall from the sky.

HER HEART

(UPON THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED)

§

By Willa Fitzgerald

She took a knife from the kitchen
And herself carved out her heart
And there lay it on the floor
So that she could too depart.

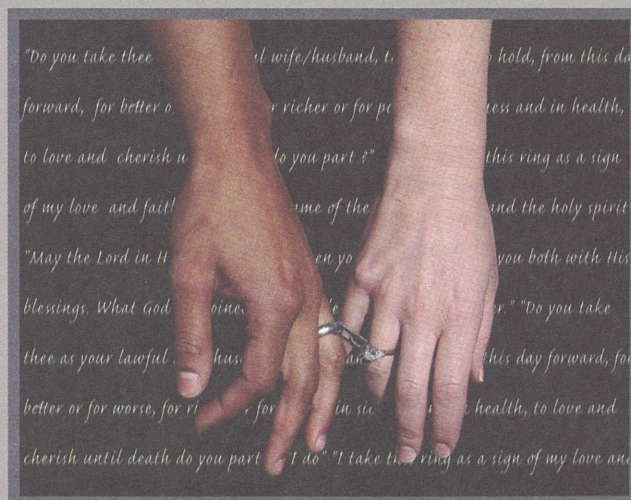
I DIVORCED YOU

§

By Grace Wright

I divorced you
For all the right reasons,
Tired of
All the little things
That sat like unacknowledged elephants—
Your arrogance about art
The way you looked at
Never other women
But always the trendy boys
With cappuccinos at Starbucks.

I was tired too
By the way you couldn't understand
My heart of hearts
The way you'd flatter me
About all my qualities
I could care less about
The love poems
You could never write about me
How right I am now
And how funny it is
That I love you more
Now that we don't share rings.



digital image by Lisa Howard

LUCKY IN BLANKETS

§

By Grace Wright

Some people are lucky in love, others in gambling, but my family is lucky in blankets. My mother is particular proof of this. She collects blankets, looking for them wherever she goes, like some people track stamps or antique glass bottles. Over the years she has picked up afghans and quilts from nearly every thrift shop between Montgomery, Alabama and Nashville, Tennessee. They are stacked in our guest bathroom, folded neatly and stacked one on top of the other. Among them are quilts knitted by my great-grandmothers and moth-eaten afghans with brilliant, if a bit gaudy, colors. Ever since the birth of my older brother Andrew and then me, my mother's obsession with blankets has only grown. My brother and I both have baby blankets that can still be found somewhere around our house. For the large almost engulfing comforters, a staple for every bedroom in our house, Mom sewed both of us plaid flannel comforter covers, guaranteed to make anyone absolutely sweltering in the darkest of winter months. Still, Mom would ask us every night before we went to bed and every morning when we got up, if we had been cold and needed more blankets. However, there is one particular blanket, which in my opinion, was my mother's greatest triumph.

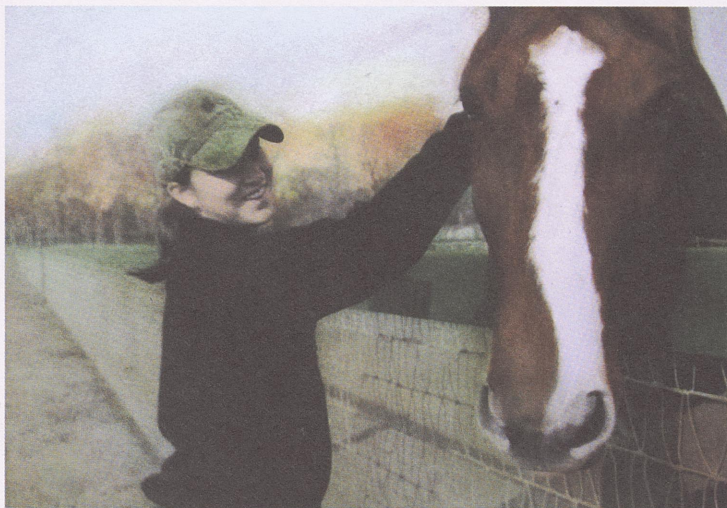
Being familiar with her history, I should have known that any blanket chosen by my mother would be special. Still, when she showed up with an extra large horse blanket at the end of a very long day at the Tennessee Horse Trials, I was a little more than skeptical, because not only did we not have a horse, it was likely that any horse we might purchase in the future would be drowned in the excess fabric.

"Buy the blanket, and the horse will come!" My mother told me with enthusiastic assurance. I wanted to point out that she was crazy and had just wasted God only knows how much on a blanket for a nonexistent horse, but the large part of me that is my mother's daughter through and through took over before the words could form themselves. Though outwardly trying to appear dubious, I could not help but share Mom's excitement because deep down I was excited, too. Sure there was no horse to put the blanket on, but to be honest it was really pretty, and it had a lead rope that was specifically dyed to

match. Supposedly the previous owner had had the lead rope dyed to match the horse blanket. Mom and I may be crazy about horses, but I don't think that it even occurred to us to dye any of my equipment to match. Soon, my mother's enthusiasm had infected me as well. On the drive home we animatedly discussed the blanket's many qual-

ities, and the horse that we someday hoped to own.

Upon arriving home, the blanket went immediately into the basement for storage with the rest of my horse equipment. Two days later my stepfather, the pragmatist in our household, thumped up the stairs and asked my mom what the large black heap was in the basement. When my mother explained the story, my stepfather, Marshall, failed to be convinced as I had been. In fact he sat in shock for a few moments, giving my mom this utterly incredulous look. He pointed out matter of factly that we owned no horse. I wanted to tell him I'd already tried that to no avail. Marshall definitely wasn't impressed by the "if you have the blanket..." line as I had been.



hand-colored photograph by Cate Tidwell

Though I still secretly harbored the same doubts as Marshall, mainly that Mom was losing it, I felt honor bound to take her side in this one. She was just so proud of herself. I casually interjected that it actually made sense to buy such a large blanket because any horse we were likely to buy would be very large on account of my height and therefore would need a big blanket. At times I could slip into her happiness, imagine the horse to fit that blanket, a thought that made me deliriously happy. That blanket was worth it simply for the hope and possibility it placed in Mom's and my life. Marshall, once again outvoted by the irrational female population in our home, just rolled his eyes and retreated to his little office in the corner. And so the months went by, and the blanket remained, an enormous black heap deep within the recesses of our basement.

In October of that year, Mom and I decided to put our search for a horse on hold until the next year and try to save up some money. No more than a day after we had made that decision in the privacy of our own home, my trainer, Jennifer Pennington (widely known as Jen-Pen), called with a horse an acquaintance of hers was selling. The horse was a 15.3H (5'3" from the top of his shoulders) Appendix Quarter Horse. He had been on field rest for a year and had minor arthritis, but with a little work, he could easily be put back into shape. Rational decisions out the window, Mom and I hopped in the car and found ourselves on a farm on an overcast afternoon.

I don't believe in love at first sight, but I do believe in love at first ride. It was somewhere between the powerful trot and the equally intense fear of even the smallest jump that I fell in love with Armani. Like an elderly couple describing how they realized that they were soul mates, I just knew. By the time my feet hit the ground from the long drop off of Armani's back, I was positive that I wanted to spend the rest of my days with him. The clearest memory I have of that day is crouching down in my boots, Mom squatting next to me, asking me in a serious voice if I really wanted to do this. Reasons why not flittered across my mind: it's too expensive, a lot of

time will be involved, but in my heart of hearts I knew what my answer would be.

"Yes."

And with that Armani was passed into our care, plunging Mom and me into a two year fairy-tale romance.

We made it through another month before the cold started to set in. Armani lived in the front pasture, accompanied by his very best friend, a miniature forty-year-old pony who looked more like a sack of bones than a horse. As the nightly temperature dipped lower and lower, Armani needed some added heat in the form a blanket, though I'm sure

he would have opted to freeze rather than be placed in a stall at night. The infamous blanket had fallen to the back of our minds, but when Jen-Pen brought up the fact that we would probably need a blanket soon, Mom and I each acquired looks on our faces that can best be described as both crafty and nervous. The next afternoon we made our way out to the barn, a mysterious heap of black accompanying our usual assortment of equipment. Neither of us talked much during that journey—this blanket would either be our greatest triumph or our worst disgrace. After catching Armani using shameless bribery of food, we tethered him to one of the posts and rolled out

the monstrosity of a blanket. To Armani's credit, he only stirred a little as we clumsily tried to get huge armfuls of cloth over his high back. After he was strapped, buckled, twisted, and settled, Mom and I finally took a step back to admire our handy work.

Had we brought in someone to adjust this blanket so it custom fit Armani, I'm sure they would not have changed a stitch. We walked around double checking the buckles and the fit. Since it is better not to make sudden movements or loud noises around a horse, Mom and I suppressed the urge to jump around and squeal. Not only was it proof that my mother's shopping whim was not a complete certificate of insanity, it was a sign that Armani was meant

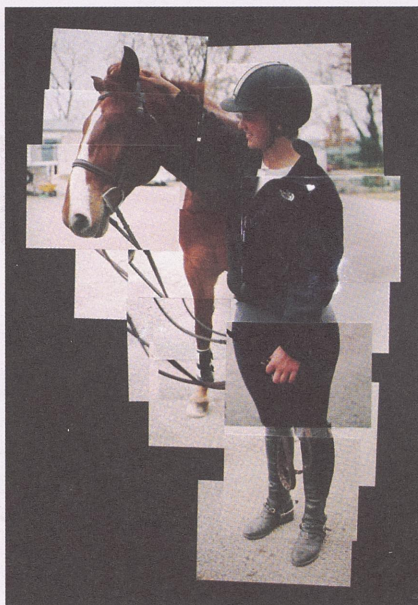


photo collage by Cate Tidwell

to be with us.

That blanket saw us through two winters and more trials than I care to think about. It saw us through major arthritis, a pulled tendon, an extremely serious nerve disease known as EPS, and several other minor injuries. It saw us through every treatment, up to and including acupuncture, every bag of daily supplements, and every stall rest. It saw us through two barns and three pasture mates. It saw us through five bits, two girths, two saddles, and innumerable gadgets and doohickies.

In that time, Armani learned to trust me, to understand that I would do everything for him. He trusted me enough to get over his fear of jumps—to make a literal leap of faith without any guarantee that I wasn't leading him into something dangerous. I fell in love with Armani a little more every time that I saw him. He had every inch of a Thoroughbred's big, beautiful body and every ounce of a Quarter Horse's clever brain. Armani loved carrots more than anything, period.

Spending time with Armani made me feel safe—made everything all right. I used to graze him for hours and just talk to him, sometimes explaining some problem I had, or sometimes just telling him a story from my childhood. It may seem preposterous to put feelings in the heart of an animal who could never tell me for certain, but to say that I don't know for sure that Armani loved me would be a lie. It is something that I just cannot explain, but I knew and still know without a doubt that Armani loved me just as much as I loved him.

I also know with the same certainty what the worst day of my life was. It was the day that I watched Armani leave in someone else's trailer, knowing that he wasn't going to come back to me. I remember watching the trailer and hoping that it was all just a bad dream. As of now, Armani is residing with a family who lives almost an hour and a half from here. They have two old mares and two small children. We'd had to give up Armani because of his arthritis, and this was going to be the perfect set up for him. He would be left to pasture most of the day, ridden every now and then at a walk, led by one of the parents as one of the children rode. I knew he was going to be happy. He loved company, and the two mares would more than take care of that. I also knew that those kids would love him, too, and give him more car-

rots than he could ever eat. I just wish that I could have told him that I didn't want to give him up, that this was our last choice, that I wasn't betraying him.

After Armani left, though Mom and I talked of selling the equipment, we never could. Among the saddles, the trunks of grooming utensils, and the left-over supplements, the blanket, of course, remains as well. Mom and I couldn't bring ourselves to part with such an amazing object. That blanket in a way represented everything that had been right about something that hadn't worked out in the end. We'd taken a leap of faith with that blanket, and it had worked. It gave Mom and me a little of our faith back. It still smells of dust and horse, and probably always will. It is a symbol of everything that went right.



photo by Sarah Peacock

TRUE LOVE

§

By Jasmine Miller

Why is it that whenever I turn on the TV
There are teens finding true love
In two days?
I'm pretty sure it's not like that
Remotely
At all

Honestly, we're supposed to take SATs, ACTs, SAT II's
Never lose, and now find true love too?
Don't I have enough to do?

I'd rather wait
I'd rather know
I'd rather be friends first
Lovers later—maybe never
(Trust me, there are more than a few
With whom it will always be never.)

With all these divorces
You're rushing us like horses
Into some horribly romantic Kentucky Derby?

I think we've suffered enough.

Here's to friendship and true
True love
Not in two days or months
But two years and more

With hundreds of kisses
Thousands of words
Millions of laughs
And even more silences



photo by Liz Belk

A CLUMSY APOLOGY

§

By Grace Douglas

I won't list all of the reasons why it will not happen again:

It is not about you—it is about me and my folly.

Me and my regret.

Me and my distorted vision.

Me and my arrogant self-absorption.

I have nothing to offer, only to say

That the regret I feel is so deep and so agonizing

That I wish my heart would fall out of my chest.



photo by Caroline Kay

THE GEM

§

By Kelsea Best

The gem

It glistens and

Attracts all you greedy

Women hoping to impress him

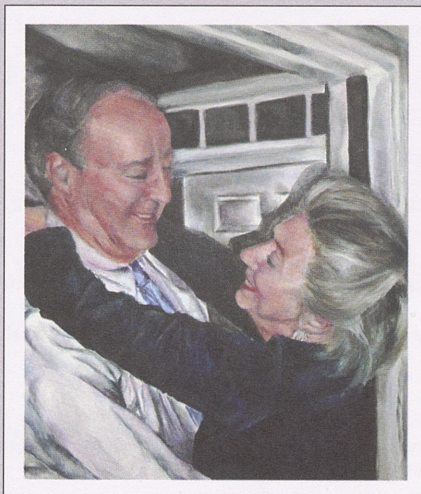
Just glass.

LET ME

§

By Stephanie Rothenberg

I'll be
the canopy over you
to shelter you from death.
Stay here with me.
The moon is young.



painting by Elizabeth Ward

THE 2008 HALLMARKS CD

- 1 • "What She Deserves" by Meredith Lawrence — Meredith Lawrence, piano and vocal
- 2 • "When My Man's Away" by Lisa Carson & Joe Croker — Lisa Carson, vocal • Joe Croker, acoustic guitar • George Marinelli, electric guitars • Lexi Mossman, drums • Scott Myrick, bass
- 3 • "Raging On" by Anna Bikales, Rachel Cochran, Joe Croker & Alex Guillén — Anna Bikales, vocal • Joe Croker, acoustic and electric guitar • Rachel Cochran, electric guitar • George Marinelli, bass • Lexi Mossman, drums
- 4 • "Dream with Me" by Jean Broadhurst, Grace Cummings & Parker Davis — Broadhurst, Cummings, & Davis, vocals • Grace Cummings, acoustic guitar • George Marinelli, electric guitars • Lexi Mossman, drums • Scott Myrick, bass
- 5 • "Invisible Man" by Jasmine Miller — Jasmine Miller, keyboard and vocal
- 6 • "Two Sides" by Anna Bikales — Anna Bikales, harp, vocals, organ pedals, strumstick • Matt Bubel, drums
- 7 • "Just Around The Corner" by Grace Cummings & Jean Broadhurst — Grace Cummings, guitar and vocal • Jean Broadhurst, vocal
- 8 • "Doncha" by Jasmine Miller — Jasmine Miller, keyboard and vocal • Craig Miller, drums • George Marinelli, electric guitars, bass
- 9 • "Friend of Mine" by Anna Lines — Anna Lines, vocal • Scott Myrick, acoustic guitar
- 10 • "Wake Up" by Jasmine Miller — Jasmine Miller, keyboard and vocal
- 11 • "Do and Do Not" by Anna Bikales — Anna Bikales, harp, vocals, organ • Eric Bikales, keyboard • Matt Bubel, drums
- 12 • "Always" by Margaret Burrus — Margaret Burrus, vocal • Scott Myrick, acoustic guitar
- 13 • "On With My Life" by Anna Bikales — Anna Bikales, harp, vocals, organ • Matt Bubel, drums
- 14 • "Lie Awake at Night" by Wallace Morgan — Wallace Morgan, acoustic guitar, vocal • Suzanne Gill, vocal • Kat Milam, vocal • Janie Hannon, vocal
- 15 • "Love You, Baby" by Grace Stumb — Grace Stumb, acoustic guitar, vocal
- 16 • "New Home" by Rachel Cochran, Joe Croker & Alex Guillén — Anna Bikales, vocal • Rachel Cochran, vocal • Joe Croker, acoustic guitar and vocal
- 17 • "Trust Me, Girls" by Joe Croker, Scott Myrick & Stephanie Rothenberg — Scott Myrick, acoustic guitar • Stephanie Rothenberg, vocal
- 18 • "Preppy Rap" lyrics by Emily Hong — performed by Sabin Nettles and Noel Price to the tune of "Low" by T-Pain and Flo Rida

Tracks #2, #3, and #8 recorded at Cliff's Walk-In Closet (Nashville) by Cliff Goldmacher / Jimmy Dooley • Track #4 recorded at Wing-Ding (Nashville) by George Marinelli • Tracks #6, #11, and #13 recorded by Eric Bikales and Jim Tract at Casa Bikales • remaining tracks recorded at Harpeth Hall by Joe Croker, Scott Myrick, and/or Eleanor Hudson



Images on disc by Julia Liang, Monique Hagler, Deirdre Zimmerman, Megan Turney, Eleanor Ezell, Caroline Prince, Anna Spoden, Bridget Bailey, Junie Welsh, Heather Derrick, Ashley Gillum, Sharlene Rivers, Liz Fletcher, Erin Brooks, Rachel Styers, Devon Bridgwaters, Maddie Polk, and Stephanie Miller

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JENNY LIKED TO GNAW

§

By Emily Hong

Jenny liked to gnaw
Engorged plant ovaries
Atop desiccated herbage
Reading *Madame Bovary*